

Periodical

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

**MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.**

10 ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



FEB 22 1944

# PUNCH



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text



## Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN  
GREAT BRITAIN

## FROM A 'REGULAR' IN INDIA, FRANCE AND M.E.F..



### "Other tobaccos have changed during this War, but not Barneys."

"Once again I have received my pound of Punchbowl, intact and the quality the same as ever. How do you do it? Other tobaccos have changed during this war, but not Barney's Punchbowl, still the same flavour as it had in peacetime."

"It may interest you to know that I first took to Punchbowl when I went to India in '33. I've smoked it regularly since, even when I was in France I had a regular supply sent to me."

"Since coming out to the M.E. I didn't arrange to have the usual supply sent. I tried to be content with the issue tobacco and with what I could buy, then one day I had a pound of Punchbowl sent through the medium of my wife, and after the first pipeful I realised how much I had missed."

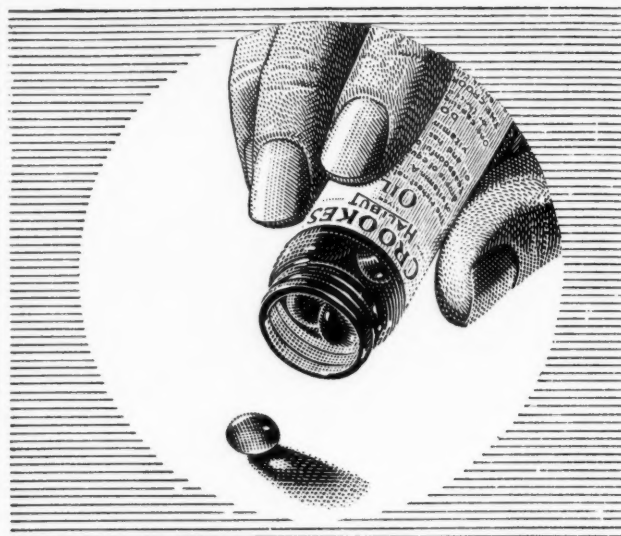
"In conclusion may I add that I have smoked Barney's Punchbowl regularly for ten years, in all sorts of climates, even on the equator, and the quality and flavour has always been excellent."

[The original letter from a C.Q.M.S. in the M.E.F. can be inspected.]

TRIBUTE TO JOHN SINCLAIR'S  
**BARNEYS**

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild),  
Punchbowl (full). 2/9½d. oz.

John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.



### EXTRA VITAMINS ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH

COLDS and influenza cannot be resisted when your diet is deficient in vitamin A: the daily dose of Crookes' ensures you the necessary amount. Adults cannot keep healthy and children cannot grow up with straight bones and strong teeth

without sufficient vitamin D: the daily dose of Crookes' keeps your supply well above the safety level.

This extra supply of vitamins A and D will work wonders in building up your resistance and stamina through this fifth wartime winter.

### CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules—per bottle of 100—8/6 • Liquid—per phial—enough for 16 days 2/-

## DEPENDABILITY

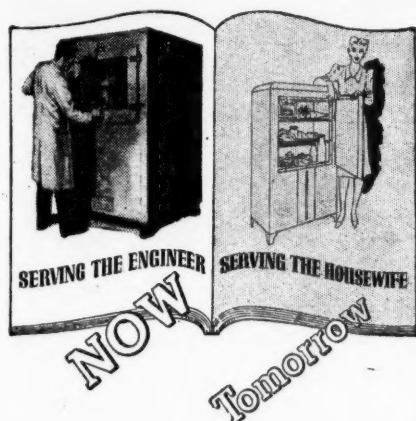


10 Downing Street is so modest in character that it is difficult to realise that from 'No. 10' come decisions affecting the whole Nation (and often the rest of the World). Downing Street takes its name from Sir George Downing, Bart., who built No. 10 in the 17th Century. His dining-room may well have been the now famous Cabinet Room. Britain's enduring confidence in her leaders calls to mind what millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "There's Dependability for you!"

CLEAN PLUGS SAVE  
PETROL AND IMPROVE  
ENGINE PERFORMANCE

**CHAMPION**  
PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED



Shrink-fitting, oil-bath cooling, and reproduction of stratosphere conditions are examples of modern industrial work undertaken by Prestcold temperature control

The technique of temperature controlling finds many applications in workshop practice today. In the world-after-the-war it will have still wider scope... not only in the workshop but in the home as well. Every service rendered to the engineer today is widening the experience that will be presently turned to the service of the housewife also.

## PRESTCOLD REFRIGERATION

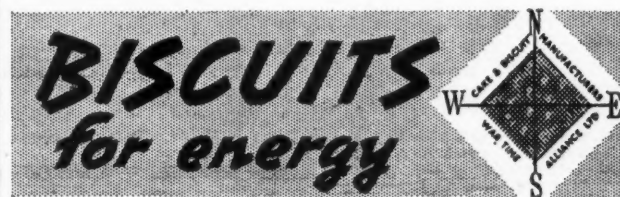
A product of  
**PRESSED STEEL CO. LTD**



Tiny tummies are delicate; young palates fastidious, and feeding baby in nursery days is sometimes a worrying business.

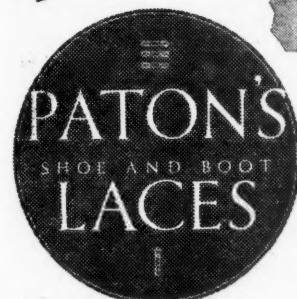
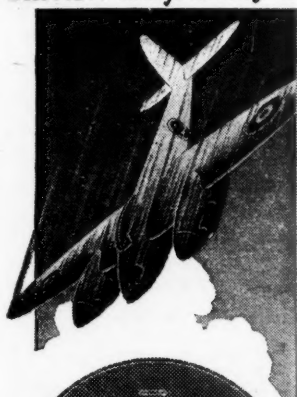
Biscuits, which include rusks and wafers, put no strain on the digestion and babies love them. And they are cram full of food and nutriment and stimulate energy almost instantly.

Although the supplies are small, try to keep enough for a regular diet for baby.



CVS-96

BRITISH and proud of it



IN A PLANE BY THEMSELVES  
From your retailer  
3d. to 6d. per pair

WM. PATON LTD · JOHNSTONE · SCOTLAND



### The Flight of Leather

Look at the growing ranks of men and women in uniform. No need to ask where all the leather is going — why civilian shoes are so scarce. *The Services must come first.* Don't buy new shoes unless you must; make those you've got last longer.

If your shoes are Saxone Footprints you can count on extra wear because of the perfect fit we get by measuring both feet. That, also, is why Footprints respond extra well to extra care.

## SAXONE

CIVIL & SERVICE SHOEMAKERS · SHOPS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY

S.20

# Wax

## AT WAR...

Wax is the basis of all good Shoe Creams and Polishes. But wax is also used in the making of war materials. Meltonian Shoe Cream, noted for its polishing power and leather-preserving qualities, always has been and still is made from a blend of the best waxes, tested for over a century.

The makers of Meltonian Shoe Cream will not use uncontrolled substitute materials, incapable of maintaining the high standard of quality and efficiency for which this cream is famous. That is why sometimes you may find difficulty in getting Meltonian Shoe Cream. But stocks are fairly distributed and your retailer will have his quota, so go on asking for MELTONIAN... you may be lucky!





From Portugal...  
the Traditional Wine  
of the Englishman

**CHAPLINS**

Old Tawny

**CONCORD PORT**

PER 14'6 BOTTLE

W. H. CHAPLIN & CO. LTD. Estd. 1867  
Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchants, Distillers  
and Vineyard Proprietors. LONDON - GLASGOW



Pocket versus Placket

The "ZWOW" Pocket, an exclusive feature of the many delightful styles of "GOR-RAY" Skirts, not only gives you a very convenient man-style pocket, but a fastening of unusual neatness. Virtually eliminating the old style placket, it has no buttons or metal gadgets to cause gaping, bulkiness, or destroy the pleasing symmetry of the hip line. Smart women everywhere are wearing "GOR-RAY" Skirts—Are you? Good drapers and stores sell them.

All the better for the "Zwow" Pocket

C. STILLITZ, Royal Leamington Spa

**GOR-RAY**  
Skirts

## To MEMBERS of the Scottish Widows' Fund

In the past 128 years members have invested nearly £99,000,000 in premiums.

During the same period over £105,000,000 was paid to members or their families and the Society still holds £36,000,000 out of which to pay the claims of existing members as they arise.

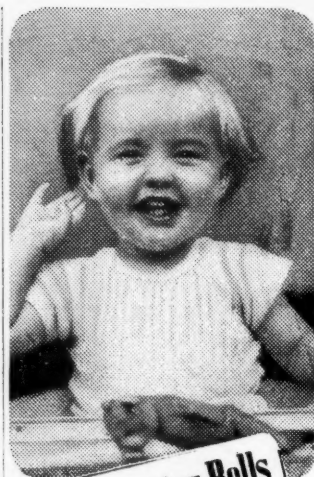
Increase your stake in this strong old mutual Society. In most cases new with-profit policies cover **CIVILIAN WAR RISKS WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.**

Write to your agent or to the Secretary,



**Scottish Widows'  
Fund**

Head Office: 9, St. Andrew Sq., Edinburgh, 2



Thanksgiving Bells

Even a child can hear them. Soon the whole world will echo our Thanksgiving bells... Wise mothers took care to prepare for that day. They knew that COW & GATE gives perfection of health and strength for their Babies, assurance and contentment for themselves, and the knowledge that their happy children will be worthy of the happy future.

© 3339

**COW & GATE** MILK FOOD  
"Babies Love it!"



THE NAME IS

*Meridian*

The name "Meridian" on Men's underwear has ever been an assurance of the highest quality. Now, to that name, are added the words "UTILITY WEAR," because it must conform to austerity specifications and prices. Always the best value for money—it is now the best value for coupons too.

J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. Estd. 1815. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

**RUB IN  
ELLIMAN'S**




**RUB OUT  
PAIN**

Fortunately, despite the present day conditions, countless sufferers are still able to enjoy that alleviation of pain which the use of **ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION** brings in such a special measure.

This **UNIVERSAL** remedy for **RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, STIFFNESS, ETC.**, is now **MORE PRECIOUS THAN EVER** so please use your Elliman's sparingly in order that all sufferers can continue to benefit from its use.

From all chemists and stores. 1/5 & 2/2 (including Purchase Tax)





Keep the sheen on  
**SILK STOCKINGS**  
Add a dash of  
**SCRUBBS**  
CLOUDY AMMONIA  
to the rinsing water

## Meet them at Smith's

Ink bottles! Rows and rows of them—big fellows with the "office" look, and smaller chaps with a more homely appearance—meet them at Smith's!

And not only ink bottles, of course. All those other commodities so intimately connected with the use of ink: pens, paper, envelopes, office requisites, books, newspapers and magazines—and which are so much a part of the national war effort—are assembled for your choice in every Smith bookshop. Some are in war dress, and some are restricted in variety and quantity—but what there is to be had in wartime is obtainable at Smith's. Call in and look round next time you are near a Smith bookshop.

Most of Smith's bookshops are exchange depots of the W.H.S. Lending Library, through which, for a subscription of as little as 10/- a year, you can read as many books as you wish. Ask the Librarian for a prospectus.

**W. H. SMITH & SON**  
Britain's Biggest Booksellers

1,500 Branches. Head Office: W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD., London, W.C.2.



I'VE SAID GOODBYE TO

*Lack of Energy*

Strenuous days tax strength and vitality. But it is a national duty to keep active and energetic in war-time. A cup of Allenburys Diet last thing at night fortifies the system

against the effects of nerve-strain and body-fatigue. Allenburys Diet is made from fresh creamy milk and whole wheat. It is prepared in a moment, needing only the addition of boiling water.

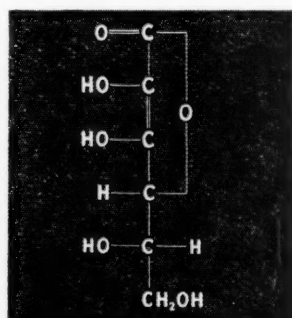
From all Chemists 2/4 and 4/6 a tin.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys, Ltd.



**Allenburys**  
**DIET**

D-37



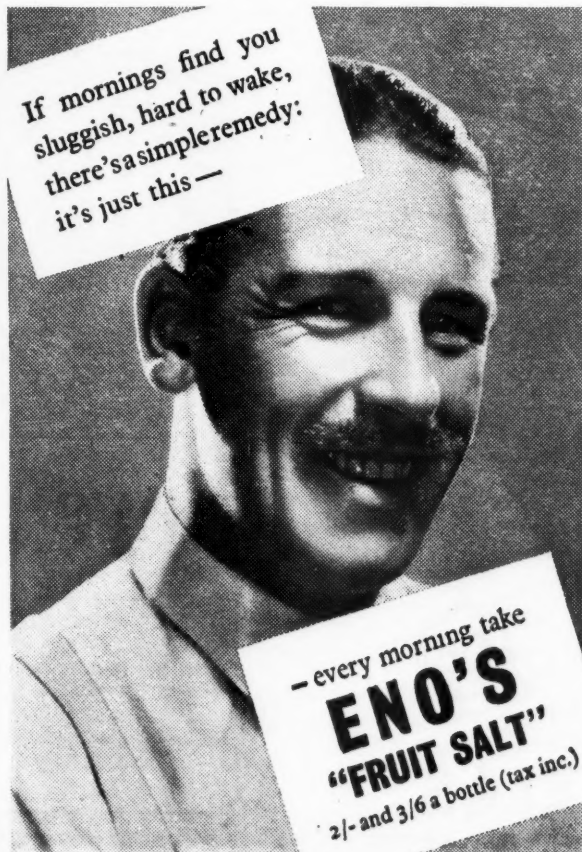
*What does this mean?*

No! it is not a modern magic charm; it is simply the chemical formula for Vitamin C. Chemistry is but one of the subjects about which every pharmacist must have a sound knowledge. There are many others in which he must prove himself efficient by examination. This experience is at the disposal of his customers. His judgment on drugs, and toilet products, can be relied upon.

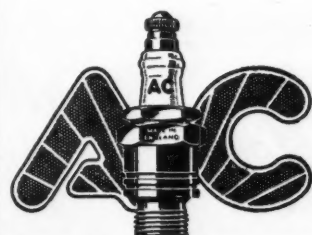
For over 40 years pharmacists have been recommending

**Euthymol**  
**TOOTH PASTE**

If mornings find you  
sluggish, hard to wake,  
there's a simple remedy:  
it's just this—



— every morning take  
**ENO'S**  
**"FRUIT SALT"**  
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)



**MADE IN ENGLAND**

*as always—  
a  
quality  
product*



### *A Royal Progress*

In 1862 you could walk into Mr. Romary's shop in Tunbridge Wells and buy as many biscuits as you pleased. Queen Victoria did—and liked them so much she ordered them to be specially made for her. To-day, wartime conditions make Romary a rare luxury. But we hope that in the not too distant future you will once again be able to buy as many as you like.

**ROMARY**  
'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits

## **"Rest-therapy"** —an essential element in the treatment of **INDIGESTION**

YOUR disinclination to eat when you feel tired or worried is, in truth, Nature striving to cure your gastric troubles by the oldest, simplest and most effective method—Rest. This disinclination is a natural and instinctive curative impulse. Obey it. Instead of a full meal, drink a cup of Benger's Food. Benger's soothes the stomach and gives your digestion a chance to build up its natural strength. Yet it provides the warmth and nourishment your system needs but in a form you can fully absorb without discomfort or digestive strain.

**Why Benger's is so good for you.**

Benger's is rich nourishment in a form which requires very little effort on the part of the digestive organs. It contains active enzymes which partially pre-digest milk so that you absorb the full value of this valuable food whilst giving your digestion the rest it needs.

Benger's, to-day, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all chemists and high-class grocers—The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.

Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.



Household Milk  
Powder and Thinned  
Evaporated  
Milk both make  
delicious Benger's.  
Try it!

**SAVE FUEL**

*Keep warm inside*  
*with*



**CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S**



MOCK TURTLE • VEGETABLE • MEAT • MULLIGATAWNY • CONSOMME

**OPTREX**

*the*

**eye lotion**

**N.B.** Only the best is good enough  
for your eyes

Optrex Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex



# PUNCH

Or  
The London Charivari



Vol. CCVI No. 5372

January 19 1944

## Charivaria

LATEST German reports from the Eastern front indicate that the bad weather is still steadily withdrawing in face of the Russian advance.

A Ministry of Information official writes to tell us that his hollyhocks are quite a success last summer.

"All of us require a certain minimum of physical training," says a health journal. The trouble is, of course, getting up after we've listened to it.

### The Pessimist

"WANTED, 3-4 unfurnished rooms or flat, London-rd district; ex-naval man; impeccable ref."—*Advt. in Leicester paper.*



Soldiers who acted as railway porters recently didn't break a single parcel. Several regular railway porters have offered to put them in the way of it.

"I have always brought up the household coal from the cellar," writes a correspondent. Purely voluntary—not by ballot.

A parrot in a provincial zoo was attacked by three other parrots and narrowly escaped with its life. Careless talk, we understand.

### Absolutely Unique

"New 'Novelties' have arrived at the Jewellery Department," *Advt. in "Rugeley Mercury."*

In view of the lack of reinforcements for the Wehrmacht, Hitler is reported to have told his commanders on the Eastern front not to worry their heads about the strategic reserve but to keep pushing along with the strategic reverse.

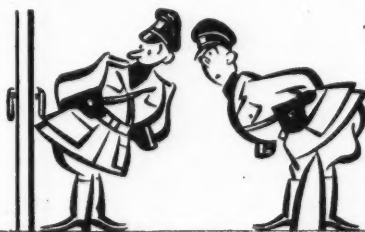
There is a suspicion that the gang of Nazi thugs recently apprehended in a neutral country may have been sent there to keep an eye on the latest peace feeler.

Owing to restricted imports we understand that many home-produced films are now being directed almost exclusively with British cigars.

Thieves recently stole a quantity of utility furniture from a shop window. The joke was on them, though; they thought it was second-hand.

"All is not well in the hierarchy of the B.B.C.," says a writer. We suggest that the higher officials should make a point of listening to the Radio Doctor at 7 P.M. on Sundays.

"It is the Fuehrer's custom," says a German newspaper, "to be absolutely alone for an hour each day." It must seem longer considering who he's with.





## Solitude

ONE of the questions brilliantly unanswered by the Brains Trust not long ago pleased me so much that I feel bound to drag it up again.

"Is it possible," said the timid inquirer, "for a man to live without a pet or a pal?"

Beyond a few vague allusions to the career of St. Simeon Stylites the Brains Trust did not seem to be able to reply, although the difficulty that Commander Gould would feel in living without Dr. Joad might have provoked a fairly lively discussion.

Is it possible for a man? Is it even possible for a woman?

The fact is (and this should have been the first answer to the question) that very few men and perhaps even fewer women have really tried. The case of hermits and mediæval recluses is hardly relevant (even apart from theology), for most of them, if we may trust to the authorities, lived a life infested all over by pets or pals and suffered them gladly, nay even with triumphant rejoicing.

There is a lady not many streets away who keeps forty dogs and twenty-eight cats. Neighbours overlooking her garden have numbered them many a time. It is a remarkable war effort, and she finds it very difficult to get domestic aid. The house is normally locked up because the owner spends so much time in foraging for horseflesh, biscuits and buns. A man to whom I often talk in Fleet Street told me once with regret of his dashing youthful days when he bought himself an aviary. "Three domes it had," he said, speaking rather as Coleridge spoke of the residence of Kubla Khan, "but I had to divide it up on account of the bullfinches." He sold the aviary together with the contents for twenty-five shillings, and the purchaser treated him to brandy and cigars. When I asked him why he sold it he explained that the bird-seed brought in so many mice and the rest of his family complained.

Neither of these persons can be called a real solitary, and I doubt whether the spirit of man has ever attained complete isolation from other animals, though the species may differ amazingly. Perhaps indeed this was a question for Huxley rather than a question for Joad. It is a question about which, if you probe them, history and mythology are dumb. Achilles was annoyed by the death of Patroclus, Helen returned to Menelaus, Ulysses was recognized without difficulty by his dog, with rather more difficulty by his wife. De Nerval walked out with his lobster, Androcles and Una with their lion, and Marshal Goering on a wide front is said to have saved the life of Herr Hitler himself.

To every knight his squire, to every prisoner his rat, to Lear his fool, even to the poor blind man his dog. But the printer warns me that to narrate in full the true story of mutual attachments between sentient beings would take more space than he has to spare.

If there has been no marked preference for human as against non-human friends amongst mankind as a whole, the idea of companionship of some sort seems to have been taken almost for granted, and Lytton Strachey has tried hard to dispel the idea that Queen Victoria remained for any great part of her life in splendid isolation, whether you call her Prime Ministers pets or pals.

The case of Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday must be treated as a mere literary device in order to brighten up the story, for the hero was already afflicted by a parrot which would have been more than enough for me. I find, however, that sea-gulls wheeling perpetually outside my

uncleaned window (as they do) are an aid rather than an obstacle to meditation, and if I seem to recognize one rather more frequently than another it is probably an illusion, and all their voices are very much the same.

This reminds me that only a fortnight ago I heard an English voice in the desert of Oxford Street, and was about to address the owner of it (a very shabby-looking person) as Stanley once addressed Dr. Livingstone, but it got on to a bus before I was able to fulfil my design.

Yet I should have thought on the whole that now if ever in human history was the time to make the great experiment suggested by the questioner to the B.B.C., for after all a man can live with his wireless set, which is not, strictly speaking, either a pet or a pal, but provides the advantages, if there be any, of both.

The objection to a pal is that he is not always there when you want him, the objection to a pet is that he is always there when you don't. A wireless set which can always in extreme emergency be caused to emit human or animal noises without taking the best armchair or licking one's hand, is surely the ideal companion for one who desires to live a rather secluded life. I often set down a saucer of milk in front of mine.

It may be argued that tradesmen call at the door, and even St. Simeon employed the services of disciples to bring food and drink by means of a ladder up to the pillar on which he spent so many happy years.

But in these days food and drink can be left (and are left) for ages outside the door. The milk knocks at the front, the bread uses the fire-escape and rings; disciples or no, they never interfere with my reveries. I think the chief problem is cigarettes, which can no longer be procured from a machine.

These and many more things I could have told you, inquirer, had you but asked me instead of the Brains Trust, which knows so little of the human soul. Make trial of the scheme, good questioner, and let me hear how you get on. Avoid tame rats, cats, apes, goldfish and budgerigars. Don't answer the telephone. Set your dog—I beg your pardon—set a spring-gun for air-wardens, salvage inspectors, the man about the meter, the postman. Be silent in buses, misanthropic at the office (or is it the barracks?), be morose in the billet or the home. Don't let the thought that St. Simeon Stylites in this global war might have been sent down a coal-mine and would certainly have been eligible for fire-watching, deter you from your plan. Remember that in me you have a sympathizer, and if you write me a grateful letter nothing will induce me to answer it. There is room for a real pioneer in this field. EVOE.

### Speed Cop

"He has been stationed at Melksham, Devizes, Downton, Wilton, Holt, Charlton (Malmesbury) and Sutton Benger, moving to Chippenham in 1939 on promotion to sergeant. For seven minutes before this he was on motor-cycle patrol."—*Wiltshire paper*.

### The Farmyard Front

"BILLY kid, 3 months; sire pedigree; Togganburg Wanders; dam good milker, 30s."—*Advt. in Scots paper*.

And dam cheap.



### ENLISTED LIBERTY

"That's great."



*"Now I bet this makes you homesick for Dead Man's Gulch . . ."*

### *In London—Now*

**R**IGHTLY to learn to what a depth our character is lowered,

How base our moral attributes have grown,  
How war, which steels the nobler kind, has made us weak  
and froward,

Ponder the German Press, and not our own.

There you can find a writer who in simple glee discusses  
Our shattered nerve, our blitz-engendered blight,  
How men and women scratch and scrap in trains and  
trams and buses

And, in their more unguarded moments, bite.

To quote a recent incident, and merely one of many,  
A gentleman, when asked to pay his fare,  
Finding himself at odds with the conductress for a penny  
Landed her, good and hearty, then and there.

Such trifles in our fallen state flash up before you'd know it;  
His lady-wife, a thing of rugged stamp,

Joined in at once, and crying out to bid her Horace "Go it!"  
Searched the conductress deeply with a gamp.

And even as the victim did her best to ward the blows off  
And Horace, to his shame, was working well,  
A total stranger butted in and nearly bit her nose off,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

No voice was raised protestingly; the bullock-souled  
observer

Looked on it as an everyday affair;  
There was no sign of knightlihood or high Arthurian  
fervour,

But, Mr. Punch—your bard—had I been there—

That stranger: though but ill-attuned to chivalrous  
adventures,

However great the risk to life and limb,  
With anger flashing in my eyes and gnashing at my dentures,  
St. George for England!—I'd have bitten him.

DUM-DUM.



## Ducks and the R.A.F.

ONCE more the R.A.F. Mess, Prangmere, has gone into committee in order to discuss matters of considerable importance. The subject on this occasion was ducks.

Flying-Officer Flaps began it by saying why didn't the Mess keep ducks on the bit of ground at the back, he was rather partial to a nice duck egg. Pilot-Officer Rudder said the idea left him cold, he hated the sight of ducks anyway, it was something about their tail-unit assembly and the fact that they couldn't taxi about the airfield without rocking from side to side on their undercarriages, also he didn't like the taste of duck eggs. Pilot-Officer Stall said he understood the taste depended on how you kept the ducks; if they lived on a pond the eggs tasted fishy. Pilot-Officer Prune said supposing there weren't any fish in the pond. Pilot-Officer Stall told him to put a sock in it.

Pilot-Officer Nosedyve said he'd always understood ducks had to have ponds, or at any rate a lot of water, else how could they let it roll off their backs? Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said he didn't care who had to have a lot of water so long as it wasn't him, which reminded him, would Flying-Officer Flaps who was nearest the bell—ah, thank him.

Flying-Officer Talespin said the water question depended on the kind of duck—some were, so to speak, Coastal Command types and needed a lot of water. . . . Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute said who needed a lot of water, not to talk like that—ah, waiter, a beer. Flying-Officer Talespin, continuing, said the varieties of domestic duck were of course all descended from the common mallard or wild duck, *Anas boschas*, the most important breeds being the Rouen, the Aylesbury, the Peking, the Cayuga . . . Squadron-Leader Undercart here forcibly requested the speaker to stop shooting, a line. Pilot-Officers Stall, Nosedyve and Rudder instantly associated themselves with this request. Missiles were also thrown. Flying-Officer Talespin, continuing in a louder voice, his diction being somewhat hampered by a cushion, said but there was the Indian Runner duck, which required very little water indeed. Flight-Lieutenant Lyne-Shute at once expressed great admiration for the Indian Runner duck and said they definitely had something there, if Flaps who was still nearest the bell would

oblige again he'd show any runner duck Flying-Officer Talespin cared to name how they could do without water altogether as long as there was plenty of—ah, waiter, another beer.

Pilot-Officer Nosedyve said this duck-keeping business seemed rather wizard to him, they certainly laid more eggs than hens, being, he understood, operational every day, whereas hens mostly took a rest-day in between sorties, doubtless for purposes of bombing up again. Pilot-Officer Rudder said yes, but hens at least always parked their cookies in the same target area, where they could be easily discovered by the egg-disposal squads; ducks evidently had pretty rosey air-bombers, releasing their loads at scattered points such as tufts of grass and other non-nest objectives, which in a large duck-drome made them difficult to find. Pilot-Officer Prune concurred, saying that when carrying out square searches over an airfield operated by ducks he often only found the eggs by treading on them.

Wing-Commander Blower said that was just the sort of thing he expected of Prune, crashing eggs was nothing to a chap who could crash Spitfires.

WE pray that it may not be long before a European tyranny worse than Napoleon's crashes to its doom and we can look back at the time when Britain alone barred the way to the evil hordes and say again with

### WILLIAM PITT

"England has saved herself by her exertions and Europe by her example."

We do not know how far distant that day is; but we do know that the needs of the Fighting Forces are greater than ever. They need everything we can give. Have you given all you can spare to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND? Every penny means that some fighting man somewhere can have more of the small comforts that mean so much. Send to-day to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Flying-Officer Flaps said if Pilot-Officer Prune could not be fitted with a degaussing device, why not have duck-egg detectors like they did for minefields, one of the sapper types would show them the form.

Squadron-Leader Undercart said that if ducks were really in the habit of jettisoning their bomb-loads regardless of whether they were over the target or not, it looked as though something were wrong with their bombing panels—did they, for instance, ever release unintentionally when airborne? Flying-Officer Talespin said no, but they frequently did when water-borne. Pilot-Officer Prune said he'd never heard of Coastal types doing that, did they float—the eggs of course, not the ducks. Flying-Officer Talespin said no, they were in the nature of mines, sinking to the bottom and only rising when no longer live.

Flying-Officer Flaps said if ducks then had no more sense than to lay mines in friendly waters, he for one was against the whole idea of keeping them. Pilot-Officer Stall said yes, who'd look after them anyway? Wing-Commander Blower said that if, mark him, if ducks were kept an officer would be definitely appointed in a supervisory capacity. Pilot-Officer Prune said what officer, and. Wing-Commander Blower said the officer who would be detailed by him (Blower) for the job. He then let his eye rove inquiringly round the meeting, and all present affected to read papers and magazines, Pilot-Officer Prune even going so far as to glance at a Training Memorandum with a blue cover.

Pilot-Officer Nosedyve summed up the feelings of the meeting by saying perhaps the whole idea wasn't so wizard after all, he now took a poor view of keeping ducks. All present under the rank of Squadron-Leader heartily concurred.

At this point Group-Captain Boost entered and said he'd been thinking the Mess should try keeping ducks, what did all present think of it? Pilot-Officer Rudder at once said dashed good idea, sir, Pilot-Officer Nosedyve said wizard, and all present under the rank of Group-Captain heartily concurred.

Wing-Commander Blower once more let his eye rove inquiringly round the meeting, which broke up in haste. Flying-Officer Flaps, being last out of the door, was formally appointed Duck-field Controller and was told to get quacking.

A. A.

## At the Pictures

## TANKER AND CORVETTE

THE weakest spot in the British film *San Demetrio, London* (Director: CHARLES FREND), is, I think, the dialogue; the next weakest, and comparatively unimportant, the obviousness of some of the model shots. Otherwise it is perfectly admirable. The true story of the tanker *San Demetrio*, which was hit in the *Jervis Bay* action, abandoned burning, found again later still afloat by a boat-load of her exhausted crew and sailed home triumphantly without a compass or charts, full of petrol fumes in which no one dare strike a match, is a fine one and well worth telling; and the players (none of them at all well known, except perhaps MERVYN JOHNS) all give good, sound, unexaggerated performances.

Most of the trouble with the dialogue (apart from a few phrases of vibrant-voiced melodrama straight out of the more smug newsreel commentaries) arises from the necessity for so much of it to be yelled. Explanatory or facetious sentences of mildly schoolboyish flavour that would be inoffensive and (allowing for bowdlerization) credible enough in a conversational tone become all too often slightly ridiculous when called out, complete with twice-life-size expression at the top of the speaker's voice. But if you don't agree—and perhaps you won't, for I have not seen this point mentioned in any other notes on the picture, some of which specifically praise the dialogue—you should find little to object to. *San Demetrio, London*, is a very fine story, well told, absorbing and full of character, genuinely worth making an effort to see.

A sea story of a more "digested" kind, more smoothly and slickly done but less moving and less valuable, is the American *The Nelson Touch* (Director: RICHARD ROSSEN). This is about a Royal Canadian Navy corvette and uses many of the narrative clichés of this kind of picture; but no one can deny the skill with which it

puts them over. The popular girl's-young-brother situation crops up, but it is not laboured, and most of the interest of the piece comes from the pursuit and destruction of U-boats, attack by planes, and the continual

realize so vividly the enormous extra trouble rough weather can give a small ship: they all concentrate on U-boats, air attacks and mines, implying that without those nobody would need to bother much. *The Nelson Touch* reminds us, better than I have ever seen it done before, how much of an enemy the sea can be on top of all the others. This is probably because of the genuine dangers which—as you have perhaps read—the director's unit underwent on board a real corvette.

RANDOLPH SCOTT as the stern but sometimes unbending Lieutenant-Commander has the biggest part. It is not a particularly unusual one, but it stands out among others of even less startling freshness. BARRY FITZGERALD has his usual part of Lower Deck Comic.

The picture entertained me in the middle of a constantly-coughing audience who timed their coughs with exquisite precision to coincide with nearly every line of dialogue; which seems to indicate that the dialogue here was of secondary importance.

It seems to be assumed that audiences will not accept a film variety show, or string of turns, without a connecting "story" which, since it is necessarily thin because it must not occupy too much of the time, has to be heavily over-emotionalized to give it enough weight. Even the film version of *This is the Army* (Director: MICHAEL CURTIZ) is no exception: between the photographed stage scenes we are expected to bring our sympathy to bear on young people in love, a bereaved mother and wife, proud fathers, a dancer lamed in the last war (which is summarized in about two minutes), and one thing and another. Most of the turns themselves, though, are very good, and the tremendous vitality of the soldier performers is stimulating; the scenes (in colour) are often very effective, there is a good deal of fine singing, and the comedians are nearly always funny. The best makes all too brief an appearance—a comic magician, Sergeant JOHN PRINCE MENDES.

R. M.



J.M. DOWD

[The Nelson Touch]

## ON THE STRENGTH

Smithy . . . . . THOMAS GOMEZ  
Pincher Martin . . . . . BARRY FITZGERALD

and (apart, again, from certain other model shots) most convincingly-shown battle with the sea. I don't remember another sea-war film that has made us



J.M.D.

[This is the Army]

## ALL DRESSED UP

Sergeant . . . . . ALAN HALE

## Thoughts About Egypt

**I**N Egypt these days things are changed. Some time back Cairo and Ismailia and El Quantara and the other hot spots were crowded with Britons. The odds were that if you asked the first person you met in Cairo on a dark night the way to Chareh Solaman Pasha he would answer "Taik t' first tu t' rite, laad," or "Blimey, I'm lorst meself, guv'nor," or just "Ah dinna ken, sirrr." One felt, in Egypt, a sort of pity for the poor stay-at-homes in England who were now among strangers, and who, on asking the way in Manchester, would probably be answered in American or Polish or French.

Egypt, however, has now shed most of its Britons.

"The old order changeth," said Lieutenant Sympson, "and giveth place to new. 'Africa for the Africans' seems to be becoming the motto for this Depot. We have Cape Coloured drivers and Basuto storemen, and Syrian and Lebanese doing what may be called the work of the camp. With our own fellows from Uganda, Tanganyika and Kenya, the Europeans are now completely outnumbered and swallowed up."

It was true. One by one the familiar accents of Birmingham and Bedford and Bexhill had disappeared. The red tabs of South African officers began to be seen in the Mess and, what was even more significant, our Mess Sergeant, an excellent man from Poole, was replaced by a Rhodesian.

"And there are Sudanese waiters in the Mess to-night," said Sympson. "You and I, Conkleshill, are likely to be the last Englishmen left in Egypt and North Africa. It's all very affecting."

He called for another beer in such a firm tone that the assistant-barkeeper (from Bechuanaland) did not ask whether he was entitled to it.

"The fact is," he went on, "that you and I, Conkleshill, are on our way to become figures in history. In years to come people visiting Egypt will ask at Shepherd's what sights are best worth seeing. The man behind the counter, after giving them his usual rather suspicious stare, will say 'There are the Pyramids, of course, but most people go to see the graves of Sympson and Conkleshill, the last Englishmen in Africa.'"

"You feel," I said, "that we won't ever get home?"

"Most unlikely," said Sympson. "As you know, we have been lent to the



*"Wren, At, mechanic, matron, airgirl, landgirl, conductress, chorus, cop . . ."*

African Auxiliary Pioneer Corps, and naturally the War Office have written us off. You can't expect them, in all the hurly-burly of demobilization, to think of two mere subalterns eating their hearts out in the sandy wastes of the desert. Personally I don't much care. When the rest of the British have gone, the beer rationing, which is the worst feature of life in Egypt, will be less stringent."

Sympson was philosophical, but personally I had been drinking some ersatz maraschino made in Alexandria, and I was feeling a bit depressed.

"It's rather sad," I said, "realizing that Africa doesn't need the British any more now that Rommel has gone. It reminds you of 'On dune and headland

sinks the fire and all our pomp of yesterday is one with Nineveh and Tyre,' and all that." . . .

"Don't talk about the British not being needed in Africa," said a lieutenant from one of the High Commission territories. "As a matter of fact I have particular need of you to-morrow. We have a football match between Cape Coloured and Syrian and Basutos, Ugandas, and Sudanese. It would be awfully decent of one of you to act as referee."

Luckily we could both plead prior engagements, but, as Sympson remarked afterwards, the invitation was symbolic. The Briton has not quite finished in Africa, and the dunes and headlands are still aglow.





"Says 'ere, plain as anything, 'Leave expires 19th January, 1943.' Either you've overstayed your leave for nigh on a twelvemonth, or they've made an error in your Orderly Room."

## Wait Until the Train Stops.

I AM preparing material for a major opus  
(Not you, Major Opus!)  
In three volumes entitled  
*Life and Behaviour on the 0818.*

While it is tempting to assume that so bizarre an assemblage  
of humanity as this train sucks up  
Must be unique,  
Nothing could be further from the facts,  
Which are that every morning,  
All over Mercator's Projection where it is morning,  
Thousands of 0818s go clanking towards one dim focus of  
toil or another  
Bearing freights just as peculiar,  
Just as explosive in a socio-chemical sense,  
And just as reluctant to be in an 0818 at all.  
It is simply part of the expensive hire-purchase system  
known as civilization.

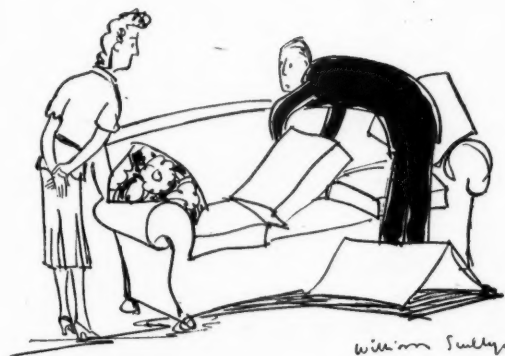
Here, therefore, is a theme of world significance.  
When *Life and Behaviour on the 0818* appears  
Sermons will certainly be preached about it  
And headmasters will draw on it gratefully at the end of  
term  
And leader-writers in both hemispheres will also be glad  
to use it as a hat-rack.  
In the meantime I think a brief trailer  
May be of interest to fellow-students.

In our 0818 we sit in fours  
In pensioned dining-cars still smelling slightly of boiled  
hake.  
And though we make a show of reading the more respectable  
papers  
We are of course watching each other  
Like hawks  
The whole time.  
I wish you could see Major X  
Who lurks opposite me as I write.  
He once showed me a photograph of an animal looking  
sadly at a lot of sand  
And murmured "A damned staunch horse to pig!"  
Major X deduces that the pillars of existence are crumbling  
From the fact that civilians are to be seen in Piccadilly  
In brown shoes.  
He may be right, but Miss B will not have it.  
She takes the line that the human race has been stuck for  
a long time in a sort of chrysalis  
And is only now on its way out.  
She breeds cats, and I cannot think why she goes to London  
every day,  
Except to get away from them.  
Then there is Mr. Y  
Who paints Chinese characters in the steam on the window  
And sometimes has an accordion in a basket.  
There is a theory it is part of the B.B.C.,  
But I believe he plays it in the Park for his own delight.  
And there is Miss P.  
She knits rather intimate things  
Which overflow from one of those black cases  
Decorated with the arms of H.M.  
That senior Civil Servants carry home Algerian wine in.  
And there are four elderly men  
Who are enjoying a friendly rivalry  
In smoking themselves to death.  
One of them is going to cough a big hole in the 0818 one  
morning.  
I nearly forgot Mr. Z  
Who crams on his hat and begins to walk purposefully up  
the train  
The moment the *banlieues* are sighted.  
I always picture him leaping from the buffers and vaulting  
the barrier,  
And disappearing in a racing hackney.  
I take it he has perfected some method  
Of turning time into money.  
No doubt I have said enough to bring home to you what  
a stir  
The publication of *Life and Behaviour on the 0818* will  
cause  
In thoughtful circles.  
This is in no sense an advertisement,  
But if I were as forgetful as you  
I should make a note of the title.

ERIO.

## Going to Bed

THE whole case against living in a flat resolves itself,  
as far as I am concerned, into a distaste for going up  
to bed in a lift. Some men, and many, many women,  
do not seem to mind this at all, but for myself I would as  
soon have my shoes taken off by electricity as make that  
last solemn journey of the day in a sort of walnut-lined  
hat-box.



"We seem to be out of small silver, dear."

The proper way to go to bed is by candle-light. The candles should be ranged on a table (or oak chest, if you will) in the hall, and must be of the mobile type—that is, the candlesticks in which they are mounted should be shaped like a saucer and have a handle. Each member of the household has his own candle and lights it from a tall (static) candle at the right-hand end of the line or, as some prefer, placed centrally to the rear. This business of lighting the candle should not be rushed. As is well known, after the initial flare-up a candle-flame sinks very low for some few seconds and if put in motion at this time may well go out—and all to do again. Stand quite still, candle in hand, and watch the flame flicker and die away to a tiny precarious blue crocus, then rise again triumphantly and burn with a clear golden beam. This is one of the best moments on the way to bed and must not be hurried. From behind the door you have so lately shut the murmur of voices (for they are still keeping it up in there) reminds you pleasantly that you have said good-bye to all that; ahead, the dim stairs invite the way to solitude and cool sheets; and meanwhile what better than to gaze into the flame, thinking long thoughts and maybe picking little stalagmites of hardened wax (last night's collection) off the side of the candle. Time slips away unnoticed, the grandfather clock by the umbrella-stand ticks on, and it is quite a surprise to hear the door open behind you and a voice say "Hullo, I thought you'd gone to bed ages ago."

"I'm just off," you say, and tucking your book more firmly under one arm and your hot-water bottle (if you are stricken with years or cold feet) under the other, you address yourself resolutely to the stairs.

Go up slowly, not with reluctance, as a child goes dragging its feet, but because sleep is a solemn thing—*c'est un peu mourir*—and should be approached in low gear. To some, a pause on the little landing where the stairs turn seems not out of place; the wick needs a little trimming perhaps, and it is always pleasant to look back over the climb already accomplished, to recall some neat allusion that one made at dinner and to gather fresh strength for the final stage. But the practice, not unknown, of balancing the candle on the banisters and settling down to read a page or two of one's book is carrying the thing too far. Keep your object firmly in front of you; you are on your way to bed.

Nobody brought up to approach his night's rest in this dignified, almost sacrificial way, can readily reconcile himself to the swift uprush of an electric lift. The whole

process—the closing of the outer door, the pulling across of the inner grill, the pressing of the button numbered "4" or "5" or worse, the utter lack of any response from the lift; then the reclosing of the outer door, the slamming of the grill, the renewed pressure on the button, and the sensation of being drawn up by the hair, while the smooth walls slip remorselessly past—all this is as repugnant to me as it would be to go to church perched on the handlebars of a neighbour's bicycle. Worse still when one is followed into the lift by three or four strangers, all smugly intent on the same errand. I will not go to bed in a crowd. I would rather get out at the wrong floor and go down again and ask the night porter some footing question than finish the day in this gregarious fashion. Once, I remember, during a short period of residence in a flat, I had to go up and down three times before I got the compartment to myself; and even then, of course, I had to do without a candle.

If I am asked whether I really prefer reading in bed by candle-light I say, No, I do not. There are quite a number of objections to a candle for reading in bed by the light of; it is not a good enough light for one thing, it throws uneasy shadows over the page and flickers about if there is the slightest draught for another, and for a third it is inclined to emit an offensive odour when doused. No, I require an electric lamp by my bedside, if you please, affording a steady illumination of some 60 watts, impervious to draughts and guaranteed not to offend the most delicate nostril when extinguished. The candle has fulfilled its function when it has lighted me up the stairs and along the passage to my room.

An acquaintance of mine, to whom I put some of the points mentioned above as an argument against living in flats, was good enough to take me seriously. He runs an enormous block of flats himself, and he declared that if he was convinced there were a sufficient number of people of my way of thinking he would not hesitate to install what he called "staircase facilities" and provide candles for all his guests. I told him he could do what he liked, but he needn't expect me to call at the letting-office. If there was one thing, I said, that filled me with more nausea than a lift it was the thought of jogging up to bed on an escalator in company with thirty or forty other people all carrying candles. I might as well be in hell, I said, and have done with it.

He said he thought I might.

H. F. E.



"Scene II—The sea-coast of Illyria."



"Is this the crocodile for a number 96 bus?"

### But (South) Westward, Look!

**B**RING my dew-maned steed, Hrimfaxi (if you fail to find a taxi),

I would fly to Cotopaxi in the silence of the night,  
To behold the Latin races of Peru and other places

Rise and tighten up their braces for the Armageddon fight.

See the mountaineers of Quito flock to succour Marshal Tito

Ere they harass Hirohito in the Land of Rising Sun,  
While the lads of Valparaiso soar like condors to the sky so  
As to drop the largest size o' Chile bomb-bombs on the Hun.

See the Indians of the Amazon parade with their pyjamas on,

And prod their patient llamas on to fight for you and me;  
They are tough nuts, these Brazillos, for they always use as pillows

Porcupines and armadillos such as Kipling did not see.

Watch platoons come from La Plata, where the Graf von Spee said "Ta-ta,"

As *persona* not quite *grata* to the boys of Nelson's breed,  
While the tripartite Guianas will supply them with bananas

And the succulent ananas (look it up) on which to feed.

Giants go the way that we go from Tierra del Fuego,  
Not a single asinego (*Shakes*.—or shivers) in the South,  
While the horses of the pampas snort for battle like the grampus

(Possibly that's due to lampass—equine swelling in the mouth);

Poncho's peons of the Andes, and the gaudy gaucho dandies  
(Where on earth's Juan Fernandez? This map doesn't put it in.)

Will come rolling up from Rio singing, very much *con brio*,  
"Pass the poison-darts, laus Deo, *Blut und Eisen* for Berlin."

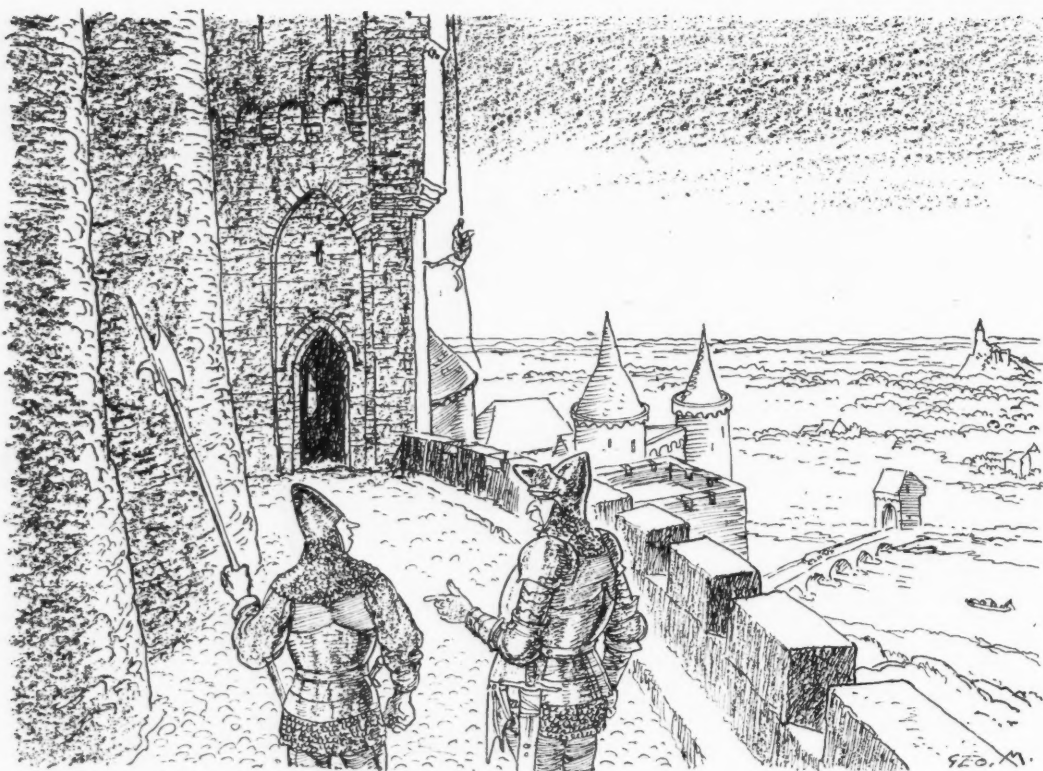
J. B. N.





**THE COSTUMIER IS ALWAYS RIGHT.**

"We can do you the old Curzon Line and one or two trimmings from East Prussia and Silesia, but the 20-39 border is out of stock."



*"Remind me to ask him for his leave-pass."*

## English Islands or Lost Off Labrador

XVI

AT 0630 I was roused by a queer quiet. No pitter-patter of rain. No rattling of the throat halyard against the mainmast. No roar of wind or surf. They were all there when I went to sleep. I looked out over the stern as usual and for the first time looked straight at the entrance of the Punch Bowl. The wind was westerly! And there was some sunlight and blue sky, and I could see the islands, with wisps of mist stealing away like scene-shifters caught by the rise of the curtain.

As if Nature wanted to make up for everything she had given us the moon as well. I got my sextant and took a sight of the old lady in my pyjamas—a little guiltily, because the crew are beginning to talk about Jonahs (it's the Padre or me), and they say that when I shoot the sun I shoot it dead. Now I have shot the moon as well; and the Captain is still distrustful of the day.

Never mind. At 0730 I was at work on *The Future of Newfoundland*. What a man!

\* \* \* \* \*

All is well. We are away. The end of long fog is like the end of bad pain—one perceives the blessings of the normal. I see now that the coast of Labrador is much more admirable than I thought. I enjoy the naked humps and spikes of the sky-line, and the bare brown fringe along the shore where the winter ice has stripped and ground the rocks. And all those vague grey-green slopes between I now know to be carpeted with interest and charm, with bake-apples and dwarf trees and curlew berries and edible moss. The sea-gulls of whose relations I have eaten so many are mere sea-gulls no more. Even the rolling of the ship—and my hat, she is rolling!—is at first a pleasure after ten days' immobility; but that will soon wear off.

We called at Frenchman's Island and found there quite a well-stocked

store,\* not more than two miles from our fog-bound fortress. We bought tinned milk and tea: and—for the wonders of this region are inexhaustible—I bought a pair of *silk stockings* for the home.

Fantastic waters! As I carried the silk stockings below we cleared the islands and beheld, at different points not far away, three great ice-bergs. A few minutes later the biggest whale I have seen thrust his black back out of the water a hundred yards from us. Whichever member of my family gets the silk stockings will have something to show.

One of the icebergs—or ice-islands, as they call them, more pleasingly, in Labrador—was a most beautiful structure, four lofty pinnacles at the corners, three walls and a courtyard, like the Palace of the Sea in a pantomime. We passed a few yards from it. In the courtyard was a kind of Roman bath, done in vivid emerald, and in the

\* Messrs. Baird, of St. John's

back wall was a great window, a perfect circle, through which the Ice Queen might survey the northern waters. By sextant vertical angle I reckoned the pinnacles were eighty feet high.

The next ice-island was in another style of architecture—an enormous and austere flat table-land—a Lutyens piece; from one end of which there fell a continual cascade of water (though what was melting the ice it was hard to say, for the sun had long departed). All this ice comes from Greenland's icy mountains and drifts southward, south of Newfoundland sometimes, in the Labrador current, till it melts or goes aground. There is eight or nine times as much of a berg below water as you see above, so that some of them must be a shocking size. Sometimes, when they have been aground in one spot for some time they will suddenly turn over and shyly exhibit their other end. When short of fresh water the settlers hack lumps off them with axes. They cannot be very pleasant bed-fellows for the submarines.

We also called at Hawke's Harbour, where is the whaling station, run by a Scottish firm, with a Norwegian manager. It is a beautiful little haven, sheltered by hills and a twisted approach. Two factory chimneys looked out of place. A schooner was unloading coal; and that looked odd as well. As we made fast to her, the smell of whale welcomed us. In the water by the jetty, clear as glass, as usual, was a mass of horrible white shapes—like a tangle of inner tubes of a great many titanic tyres. They were pieces of whale—the roots of the tongues of whales, the gills of whales, the insides, the . . . but no more. And among these horrifying shapes, as serene and unconcerned as if he were in a well-found aquarium, swam a beautiful big sea-trout. The charming Norwegian manager apologized for the horrid shapes. They were not the usual thing. As a rule, he said, the gigantic offals are boiled: but they had a rush of five whales together just before the great fog, and the handling of five whales in quick time was too much for them. In five days before the fog their ship got twenty whales.

We saw (and smelt) the bones, and the meat, of the whale being converted into "fertilizer", a brown powder, a little like wet sand, and stowed in sacks. We saw the surprising harpoons in a corner of the blacksmith's shop. Living still in my school-books, I had imagined the shank of the harpoon to be light and slender, like a spear. But these great things (which are split in two) are three and a half inches wide; and the whole weapon weighs a

hundred pounds and more. It is shot out of a gun: and that has a range, I think he said, of about a hundred and eighty yards. A spiked cap fits on the top, containing the explosive, which kills the poor whale (or should) when once embedded.

The whaling-vessel, like us, had been lost in the fog for nine days: but she had managed to send a Marconi message from somewhere, and was expected that night with three or four more whales. She would come about midnight, make fast the whales to the big red buoy, and go to sea again at once. In the morning they would haul the whales up the slips and boil them. I should have liked to stay for this, but I was still hoping to catch the Government steamer at Battle Harbour. The Norwegian gave us eight whales' teeth and two whales' ears, and we steamed away. A whale's ear is like a very large conch. It is hard, but I am not sure if it is ivory. It is a nice ear, all the same. The Norwegian said that they get many white whales.

I have not seen any white whales: but soon after we left a great black one showed his back about two hundred yards on the starboard bow. I wished him luck, poor whale. We did not see him again; one seldom does when they emerge so near: and I cannot imagine how the whalers ever get within range. But a good captain, they say, knows which way the whale will head under water and how soon he will come up for another "blow", and steers his ship accordingly. A queer trade.

Crossing the Straits of Belle Isle, I took a trick at the wheel while the Skipper had breakfast. The Straits are supposed to be U-boat waters, and I kept a good look-out for suspicious objects. Indeed, I saw a good many. In between suspicious objects I pondered the legal problem. If a periscope popped up just ahead one would yell for the Captain and ram, of course. But should one? We are a hospital mission vessel with red crosses painted on the dispensary sides. Further, though a proud member of His Majesty's Navy, I was not in uniform. In ramming a submarine, therefore, I should be doubly out of order, and might cause justifiable annoyance in Germany. And there is probably some special international rule about Members of Parliament behaving in this way. I decided anyhow that I would drop a whale's ear on the submarine. I put the point to the Padre, who steers a lot. He said the same questions had occurred to him.

The Skipper did not take our problem very seriously. He said there were no more submarines about.

But when we came into this beautiful river this morning a boat came out to us: and the first thing the coxswain said was: "There was a submarine here this morning—just over there."

It only shows how careful one should be to have one's legal position absolutely clear. A. P. H.

## Basic English at Command H.Q.

**F**IRST Staff Officer. Hullo, old boy, you look boiled.

Second Staff Officer. I am boiled. I've just come from a hell of a party. One of the soldier clerks put in for ten thousand blankets instead of one thousand and I signed the order. So there was a hell of a party.

1st S.O. I guess there was a hell of a party. No wonder you look boiled. What are the repercussions, old boy?

2nd S.O. Oh, repercussions. A bellyful, you bet.

1st S.O. You bet. But I'm a bit boiled too. I've just been ticked off by the Brigadier for looking sloppy in battle-dress. What's battle-dress for if it's not for looking sloppy in?

2nd S.O. I agree; but you don't look more sloppy in it than anyone else. But look here, old boy. What about those works and getting the labour?

1st S.O. That's a hell of a party too. When it's a question of getting labour, you're boiled on the nail. We're in a jam with the Flintshires. They're all streaking round like scalded cats. We've had to boil that area. They won't play.

2nd S.O. Won't play? They've got to play. As I see it, they're niggers in the woodpile anyway.

1st S.O. You roll the pitch at a higher level, then they'll have to play.

2nd S.O. That's a good idea. I'll roll the pitch at a higher level by telephone, then they'll have to play.

1st S.O. It'll be a hell of a party, and there'll be lots of repercussions. But once it's tied up on the highest level, the shoe-horn's complete and they'll play.

2nd S.O. We'll make 'em play.

1st S.O. As I see it, they'll play.

2nd S.O. They'll have to play.

1st S.O. Well, let's get cracking on this.

2nd S.O. Yes, we'd better get cracking. But look out for the repercussions, old boy.

1st S.O. There'll be a hell of a party.

2nd S.O. All the same, let's get cracking.





*Sillince*

"I see we didn't bomb Berlin last night for the third night in succession."

## The Inglebank By-Election

(From our Special Correspondent)

CANDIDATES: Colonel W. Petterfield (Common Wealth), Mr. Tom Fosdyke (C), Mr. Caleb Forthright (Ind.).

Polling day—Friday

The figures at the last General Election were:

C. R. Brightside (C) ..	22,197
M. M. Mostyn (Ind.) ..	19,943
Caleb Forthright (Lab.) ..	123

And at the by-election of 1933:

R. W. Boppington (Lab.)	20,006
S. Smith (Ind.) ..	14,004
Caleb Forthright (C) ..	73

Interest during the past few days has been centred on Mr. Forthright's dramatic tour of the rural districts. At Sutton Pearfield Mr. Forthright gave his sweets-ration to two bedridden evacuees, hoed three rows of spring cabbage for Mr. Glover and did a turn

of fire-watching at the Rectory. In a powerful address delivered to a group of American soldiers in "The Cat and Partridge" he accused both his opponents of splitting the Independent vote. "If I am elected," he said, "I shall see that Sutton Pearfield is put on the One Inch Ordnance Survey Map. I shall make it my business personally to pilot two or three of the reports—Barlow, Scott, Uthwatt, Beveridge, Fleming, Norwood, etc.—through both Houses of Parliament."

Of Colonel Petterfield he said: "My Common Wealth opponent says that I am a turn-coat. If to change one's views is an offence I admit it. You did not vote for me when I was a Conservative, you did not vote for me when I stood as Labour candidate—I am betraying nobody by standing as an Independent."

Mr. Forthright is using science on a

lavish scale in this election. During the hours of black-out the main streets of Inglebank are plentifully strewn with booby-traps. When, next morning, a harmless-looking glove, etc., is picked from the gutter a mechanical voice booms out the words "Forthright for Inglebank." It is rumoured that Mr. Forthright will make his final tour of the constituency in a jet-propelled car.

This evening's *Inglebank Chronicle* contains a stirring message to the electors from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "In the past," it reads, "you have supported Mr. Forthright's generous gestures to the nation. To-day, with our fighting men on every one of the world's battle-fronts, the need is greater than ever. On Friday it is the solemn duty of every elector to see that Mr. Forthright forfeits his deposit."

## H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

**W**HAT follows came about as the result of a misunderstanding, I having thought my wife wanted me to get rope, and soap being what she actually required. The rope I bought her had got tarred while at sea and was very thick indeed, a fine specimen of its kind being what I thought it was. It was very long and inclined to crinkle so the only way to keep it straight was to tie it to a chimney stack and let it hang down the side of the house. This had the disadvantage that people tended to climb it and I therefore made out a notice that said "This is a private rope; trespassers deserve to be prosecuted," the wording getting round the legal difficulties. I put the notice first of all in a triangular frame for cheapness, but my wife made me add a fourth side as she said our home might otherwise be mistaken for an inn. It was while making this adjustment that the below occurred to me.

### FANDANGO FOR HARMONIUM AND ORCHESTRA

*(The scene is out East. Within view are a harem, a caravanserai and a bazaar.)*

**FIRST CAMEL DRIVER.** O foul ill-favoured brute! Curses upon the day I purchased thee from the menagerie in Preston, Lancs.

**SECOND CAMEL DRIVER.** Would that the Master change back once again to Fords!

**THIRD CAMEL DRIVER.** To hear is to obey: thank heaven I'm deaf.

**A HOURI.** I hear waterfalls: I smell spices: I see almond blossom. *[A camel bites her. Exit HOURI]*

**A SLAVE DEALER.** Here is a fine Nubian. He can straighten horseshoes with his bare hands, cook omelets and do elementary bookbinding.

**A BYSTANDER.** Are the gems of his virtues set in the gold of cheapness?

**SLAVE DEALER.** Not so that you would notice.

**A FAKIR.** Attend, lords and nobles! I shall now do the Indian rope trick.

*[He throws up a rope, climbs it, and in a few moments descends, angrily hauling with him another fakir he has found at the top]*

**A SAGE.** Harken to the wisdom of Suleyman, the son of Abdullah, the son of Perkins: Speak not well of those who are absent; you may be talking to their enemies. Consort not with winebibbers; beer is cheaper and more nourishing. Seek not to adorn a woman with precious jewels; if she be beautiful it is unnecessary, if ugly, pointless.

**A COBBLER.** To-day is the birthday of His Excellency the Chief Torturer. Ring out, wild bells.

**A COPPERSMITH.** I hear he has perfected a new invention called "The Eezi-squeeze." The first performance is a matinee on Tuesday.

*Enter the GRAND VIZIER, gorgeously attended. Someone tries to sell him a carpet. Someone else tries to tell his fortune. They are removed into a wheeled cage which accompanies him everywhere*

**GRAND VIZIER.** It is our pleasure thus to move unnoticed among the populace and harken with humble ear to their comments on the political situation. Ho, beggar, what thinkest thou of the Government?

**BEGGAR.** Their mercy is as the sands of the sea. Their wisdom is as grass upon the mountain. Their honesty is as the stones of the Great Wall of China.

**GRAND VIZIER.** Ah! a supporter. Let the chief of my bodyguard shake him by the hand. *[Exit]*

**A POET.** Here is a ballad I have written fair upon a scroll and dedicated to the laughing eyes of the maidens who draw water from the well:

Girlikins, girlikins, whither so swift?

If you wait for my camel I'll give you a lift.

Be free with your favours and toss a pert ear.

To-day is for lovers, so spend it, my dear.

A sardine of silver, a mullet of gold

Remind us that misers are clammy and cold.

Girlikins, girlikins, thus ends my song.

I hope you won't think it a trifle too strong.

*[As the POET finishes, night falls, which distracts attention from him. A caravan of merchants on elephants arrives, followed by a caravan of merchants on yaks and another of merchants in the station bus. The rabble of a defeated army queue up at a wine-shop]*

*Enter the CRIER OF GLAD TIDINGS and the CRIER OF WOEFUL TIDINGS*

**CRIER OF GLAD TIDINGS.** Rejoice, the lotus is awash with bloom.

**CRIER OF WOEFUL TIDINGS.** Lament, the vultures hover seedily.

**CRIER OF GLAD TIDINGS.** Rejoice, the Government are repaying a loan.

**CRIER OF WOEFUL TIDINGS.** Lament, the holders have to reinvest.

**CRIER OF GLAD TIDINGS.** Rejoice, a ruby-studded fan is found.

**CRIER OF WOEFUL TIDINGS.** Lament, a wife called "Stone i' the Plum" is lost. *[Exeunt]*

**AN ANCIENT POTTER.** My eyes have seen many and curious sights and I have visited Bagdad in youth. My hands are cunning and my knowledge of pottery extensive. But I notice, and point out to those less observant, that the curtain of dusk is pulled across the face of light and that the comfort of the hearth is to be preferred to the desolation of the street. I therefore take up my wheel and such of my merchandise as is both unsold and worth trying again to-morrow, and pass out into the night with the grace and deportment that are the results of a prolonged and intelligent devotion to virtue.

FINIS

### Thoughts on Crewe Station

**W**ATCHING the multitudes who wait  
Till, north, south, east or west,  
Each train takes homewards half its freight—  
To exile all the rest,

It strikes me as extremely queer  
To think that others may  
As gladly flee from ———shire  
As I from ——— Bay.

But this is still more odd and strange:  
That there are people who,  
Unchanging in the midst of change,  
Spend all their lives at Crewe!

## At the Play

"CINDERELLA" (HIS MAJESTY'S)  
"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS"  
(WINTER GARDEN)

"IN the year 1717, to retrieve the credit of his theatre, Mr. Rich created a species of dramatic composition unknown to this, and I believe to any other country, which he called a pantomime: it consisted of two parts, one serious, and the other comic. By the help of gay scenes, fine habits, grand dances, appropriated music, and other decorations, he exhibited a story from some fabulous writer; and between the pauses or acts he interwove a comic fable, with a variety of surprising adventures, such as the sudden transformation of palaces and temples to huts and cottages; men and women into wheelbarrows; and mechanics' shops into serpents and ostriches. It would be idle to dwell long upon a subject which almost everybody is as familiar with as the writer." So much for origins—but pantomime as we think of it now, in common with other good things, is enshrined for ever in its Victorian form. Only the transformation scene and the "appropriated music" remain from Rich's Covent Garden nights. Everything you love best—the red-nosed broker's men, Widow Twankey (whose name derives from the Victorian name for China tea), those policemen, the peculiar form of rhyming couplet, the golden-haired Fairy Queen, and in particular the jokes, seem to have been fixed by a magic wand some eighty years back. It is here that you look for vintage pantomime and, what is most important, the right kind for children—and on these standards there is everything to be said for this year's *Cinderella* at His Majesty's. In the first place—though no one would expect the magnificence of former seasons—the children in the audience were riveted, round-eyed, to the sight of the Palace Ballroom, pretty as spun sugar, with a clock whose hands creep faithfully round to twelve, the snow scene, *Cinderella's* team of spotless white ponies, and a full hunt in

feathers and red sequins. And then, where in the history of pantomime, though it includes the names of Garrick, of Grimaldi, and of Ellen Terry, could you find a more delightful Principal Boy than EVELYN LAYE? Her outfits alone—is she best, after all, in her pink and dove-grey striped waistcoat, her black velvet, her olive-green moiré, trimmed with diamonds and crossed with the Order of the Garter, or that shiny thing in the last scene? This is a question to discuss long after the show is over. Gleamingly blonde, made up with a wonderfully quizzical eyebrow, swaggering gently as she

There are obvious advantages in engaging a conjurer and a first-rate juggler (SIRDANI and GASTON PALMER) as the broker's men, and their respective acts are so good that it is easy to excuse them for never appearing as the Broker's Men; and, anyway, wartime of course forbids the "breaking up the kitchen" scene which, in the past, has been the happiest of all. Miss NANCY MUNKS, though inaudible, was a charming *Dandini*, but the part of *Dandini* (and, alas! his song, "King for a Day") has been gradually shouldered out in recent years by *Buttons*. In the modern *Cinderella*,

*Buttons* is all, and GEORGE MOON played him with engaging modesty. His Kitchen scene is charming, and he makes everyone happy with a number of harmless jokes ("Beat me to a jelly! I hope it's strawberry!"), delivered with great spirit. Less harmless, but all good-humour, and expressive of everything implied in the words "What ho! she bumps!" Miss TESSIE O'SHEA romps through the evening as *Trixie*. Miss CAROLE LYNNE, though not strictly ragged enough, is as beautiful a *Cinderella* as ever wept into a vast electric log-fire, and certainly no fairy ever danced on lighter feet than the ballerina, NATASHA SOKOLOVA; for something like her, readers must turn to Richard Doyle's fairies on the cover of this paper. All in all, it was a happy evening, and well rounded off by *Prince Charming's* sentiment:

The story's ended as it should—

I wed my girl—I thought I would!

Somebody once observed with truth, that it usually takes four grown-ups to escort one child to the pantomime. There is something in the pantomime which consistently appeals to the British (and the British only—witness stall after stall of puzzled American visitors) of all ages. But *Where the Rainbow Ends* is another cup of tea. It is a children's play, and if you do not feel like reverting to childhood you will just have to lump it—because they are going to enjoy every moment. Here again, for the three and thirtieth year, *Rosamund Carey*, *Crispin Carey*, *Jim* and *Betty Blunders* set out on their



GLAMOUR AND VARIETY

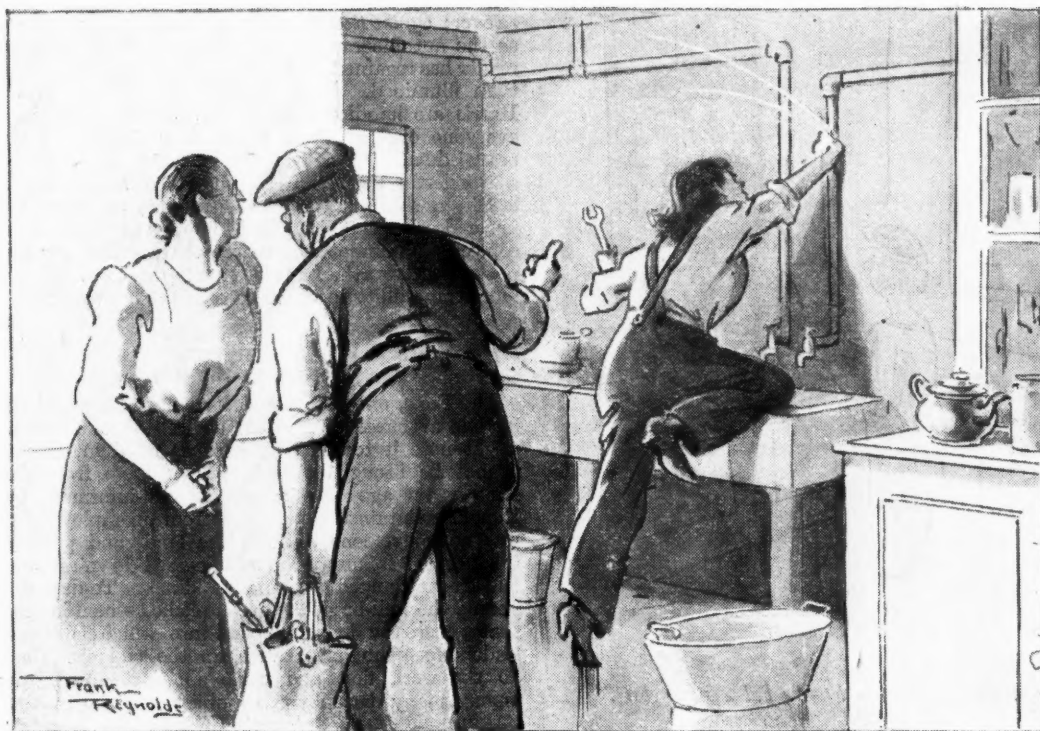
*Prince Charming* . . . . . MISS EVELYN LAYE  
*Cinderella* . . . . . MISS CAROLE LYNNE

takes snuff, cracks her whip, flicks her ruffles, or descends into the audience to kiss the little girls' hands; admirable Miss LAYE, who never falters, even when leading the patriotic song, or delivering such a speech as this: "Let the dance be stopped—nor shall it resume till my quest be ended, for I shall search my kingdom till I find her whose foot this little slipper fits." And while in the swing of it, let's add that though there are only a few couplets left in this pantomime, there are several authentic ones—e.g.:

I give you both three seconds to go away—

We've swept the courtyard already once to-day.





"We'll 'ave this little job fixed for you in no time, Mum—my mate's got an appointment for an 'air-do!"

quest with *Cubby* the British lion, wearing his red, white and blue collar and strengthened with doses of Empire Mixture. Here again, *St. George* flings back his tattered cloak to reveal shining armour ("Daddy! What's he done with his raincoat?") and the *Slacker* falls writhing on the ground at the words "England expects . . ." Some of the lines have been brought up to date—"wizard" is occasionally substituted for "ripping"—and the Frenchman who would not hear the flag of his great ally, Britain, insulted, has become a Russian, though he still wears pointed moustaches and a velvet frock-coat. But the *Flying Carpet*, the *Demon King* (magnificently snorted by MICHAEL NAPPER), the enchanted tree which whips off *Uncle Joseph's* topper—you know them, here they are. This of course is *Miss ITALIA CONTI's* production and the child actors are trained in her school; it does not fall short of her high standards, and on special occasions ROGER QUILTER is there himself to direct his music to the play.

P. M. F.

## The Phoney Phleet

XXXVII—H.M.S. "Sinkable"

THE *Sinkable's* our Z-ship, the hushest thing afloat;  
She is to all appearances a large banana boat,  
A large but very scruffy one with kelp around the keel  
And kippers on the quarter-deck and winkles round the wheel.  
And every time the Germans meet her *Sinkable* is sunk—  
But, strictly *entre nous*, the sinking's bunk.

The *Sinkable*, our Z-ship's a secret submarine,  
And when they say they've sunk her they're describing what  
they've seen.

But what they don't perceive is that she hasn't sunk, she's *dived*,  
And just as they begin to gloat that nobody's survived  
They're suitably torpedoed and they find they're had for mugs;  
And then they send for lifeboats or for tugs.

The *Sinkable's* our Z-ship, our Neatest Notion yet,  
The Answer to the Maiden's Prayer, Great Britain's Brightest Bet;  
And it's all so very simple—just a triumph of surprise,  
A piece of absolutely elementary disguise.  
In fact what makes me wonder, since she's bound to win the war,  
Is why I haven't thought of her before.



"Well, we have got ONE to let—'4 bed 2 sit 1 ghst'."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Lady Oxford

WRITTEN, to adapt Walter Scott on Byron, with the negligent ease of a lady of quality, these reminiscences (*Off the Record*, MULLER, 7/6) form an interesting supplement to Lady OXFORD's *Autobiography* and will no doubt be included in future editions of that book. Lady OXFORD tells us in *Off the Record* that she did not expect her autobiography to be a success. Her way of writing, she felt, was too sheer, too direct. The great and long-sustained demand for her autobiography does not appear to have led her to reconsider her view that it was too outspoken to please the public taste, for she says in *Off the Record*—"It was cursed at the time it was written; even members of the Liberal Party thought that I had done my husband harm by a book which they considered was full of indiscretions." An autobiography by the wife of a leading politician would have to be a miraculous blend of tact and dullness not to agitate the party to which her husband belonged. Judged by literary rather than by political or social standards, Lady OXFORD's candour is not of a very searching or disturbing order. She has been a great figure in the world; and to become and remain an object of general interest is not the proper apprenticeship for writing an autobiography, which requires a different set of qualities from those that subdue society. Napoleon, for example, though he had unlimited leisure and an assured income on St. Helena; for want of an impersonal interest in life made very little use of his exile from the autobiographical standpoint, such reminiscences as he confided to his companions being

designed rather to glorify than to clarify his past. The excitement with which Lady OXFORD writes is as infectious as ever; *Off the Record* sweeps the reader along as torrentially as the autobiography. But when it is all over, and the reader has regained his breath, he may feel more exhilarated than illumined. Lloyd George, Bonar Law and Frank Harris are handled without undue cordiality, but nearly everyone else in these pages is a prodigy of goodness or wisdom. One has an amazing intellect; another a wonderful face, a beautiful voice and a schoolboy's laugh; a third is the most generous of men; a fourth has endearing simplicity and kindness of heart. It may be so, yet one cannot but regret that, unlike her favourite poet, Wordsworth, Lady OXFORD does not allow herself more tranquillity in which to recollect her emotions.

H. K.

#### Wessex to the Rescue

The Pope, one observes, has sagaciously noted that the land is a source of freedom as well as of food; and we might note it too, if only because freedom, unlike food, cannot be brought over in cold storage from America. Nine years ago a particularly well-informed Carnegie Report maintained that, apart from unemployment, there was no movement towards the land, and proceeded to tabulate the failure of the middle-aged down-and-outs who had been dumped on small-holdings. To-day it is the young, the well-bred, the accomplished—men imbued with that generosity in self-expenditure which is the soul of leadership—who have taken up the cudgels. Such men do the work first and write about it afterwards; and among many such records published recently Mr. ROLF GARDINER'S *England Herself* (FABER, 8/6) is outstanding both for vision and judgment. It tells how a small half-derelict estate in Dorset became not only a model of reclamation but a holiday-school for young and ardent reclaimers. Much, both technically and culturally, was learnt between the two wars from Germany and Scandinavia; and it is heartening to perceive—now we have swallowed so many totalitarian hooks ourselves—how skilful the Springhead Ring was in taking the bait and eluding the barb.

H. P. E.

#### Women at War

Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY'S *British Women Go To War* (COLLINS, 12/6) is doubtless mainly addressed to audiences abroad, yet it would be a pity if English readers were to overlook a concise and heartening survey. The contents are familiar of course from the newspapers, but the total effect, when put like this, seems new and is certainly impressive. Mr. PRIESTLEY has every reason to be a confirmed believer in the personal touch, and the personal touch with statistics does wonders. For him it is not a case of millions of commendable but anonymous female persons, but of innumerable good, solid, hardworking, humorous girls like Martha and Dollie and Kate and Mary, whose individual tales leave the reader in no doubt of the real sacrifices Martha and Kate by the thousand have made for the cause. Incidentally, as the book is illustrated with some forty colour photographs, one can see Martha and Kate, besides reading about them. Like the rest of us, Mr. PRIESTLEY is curious to know if women will cheerfully surrender their many war-time opportunities when the war is over. Many of them think they will, now, but the chances are that this war will have even more effect than the last on the process which began by being called the emancipation of women.

J. S.

### Now Noah was a Husbandman.

With the commendable optimism of Noah dismissing a raven or a dove, the hard-pressed champion of the English countryside emits volume after volume of country lore, in the hope perhaps of receiving some green token that the industrial flood is going down. Mr. C. HENRY WARREN (of *England is My Village*) is less optimistic than most. He professes to see no symbol of hope in the rainbow that spans his discomforted strip of East Anglia. Yet he can still break a valiant spear for rural independence. "I hold," he says, "with George Bourne, that how people live, and not how they are disturbed in living, is the most important thing." *The Land is Yours* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10/6) is first and foremost a picture gallery, its most commanding canvas being devoted to a yeoman farmer of eighty-six and his remarkable sister. "Thurston's," the farm whose owner is a fruit-planting enthusiast, is in the nature of a conversation-piece; and so is the keeper's garden with its delightfully coarse advice on seed-planting in heavy clay. A whole rural polity is passed under review in a sagacious and warm-hearted book, one of whose hopeful pleas is for a "quietist" parson—another George Herbert—to diversify the ranks of ecclesiastical organizers and planners.

H. P. E.

### In Vichy France

Mr. HARRY J. GREENWALL is rather vaguely described on the jacket of *Three Years of Hell* (W. H. Allen, 10/6) as "a doyen among newspaper correspondents," and two photographs are provided as "tangible evidence . . . to confirm the author's account of what he endured during his three years of hell in stricken France"; the first photograph showing Mr. GREENWALL at the outbreak of war and the second showing him when he at last reached sanctuary in Portugal. The authenticity of his narrative is, however, more convincingly attested by its simple, often trivial, details which, unless Mr. GREENWALL is another Daniel Defoe, must reflect an actual experience. By this time most readers are familiar with Paris in the first year of the war and the horrors of the French collapse. All this is vividly sketched by Mr. GREENWALL, but the special interest of his book begins when he is stranded on the Riviera in the late summer of 1940. By November there was little to eat, and he wrote in his diary "The dogs, lean, gaunt, and hungry, have been turned off by their owners. . . . I see them delving into dust-bins searching for scraps, but the humans beat them to it. . . . God, how cold it is! I never knew the Riviera could be so cold." As the months passed the French police became increasingly hostile to the English. "Have you ever been in prison?" a gendarme while taking down particulars asked the author, whose old affection for France, where he had lived since 1907, was now rapidly cooling. Compelled by an order from Vichy to leave the Riviera, Mr. GREENWALL went to Grenoble, with a good many other Englishmen, most of whom disgusted him as much as the French. "They pass on the most fantastic rumours, the result of boastful thinking, or else they join the French in saying they want the war to finish soon, 'no matter which side wins.'" The eight to nine months of 1942 before he obtained his exit visa were the worst. Between February 5th and March 7th he had only nine meals, and dropped from over eleven stone to six—"My only link with life is my wireless. I have it next to my bed and I listen until the early hours of the morning. Then doze off between fits of coughing and

shivering, so hungry that sometimes I weep from sheer weakness and, I suppose, despair." A restful interlude of two or three days in a cowshed up in the mountains is movingly described. Then back to Grenoble and at last, when he had abandoned all hope, the exit visa. H. K.

### The Soaring Human Boy

"I was talking to the devil the other day in Mr. Luxmoore's garden." Here is a capital beginning which no doubt made the Eton boys to whom it was addressed sit up and take notice. Nothing could better dispel the slightly comatose feeling which a Sunday is apt to produce. These fables (*Fables and Fancies*, by CYRIL ALINGTON, Blackwell, 12/6) were delivered over a number of years at Shrewsbury or Eton, and the author says in propitiation that "when read in bulk they are inevitably rather monotonous." This is perhaps true, but we may be sure that the boys, hearing them one at a time, did not think so, and that they particularly enjoyed the ingenious conversations between inanimate objects. About some of these there is a pleasant touch of Hans Andersen: "There was a bitter dispute going on in the Grate; the Paper, the Wood, and the Coal were all quarrelling, for each maintained that he was the most important part of the fire." They and the "very good little Match," who explained about the bit of divine fire in everybody, seem more spritely than, let us say, the Armoury and the Darwin Buildings at Shrewsbury. These appear less well adapted to talk and so a little ponderous by comparison, but this may only be due to the reader's poverty of imagination. It is a pleasing if irreverent speculation what Dr. Arnold, remembering Rugby Chapel, would think of these fables. Let us hope that he would say, as the Grate did to the Coal, "I feel as if we had all done what we were meant to do."

B. D.

### For Innocents at Home

"It is significant that the phrase 'United Nations' is commonly used in U.S.A. . . . Anglo-American collaboration is not merely vital—it is now an inextricable feature of the outlook of both countries. Neither could withdraw, even if they wished; they have crossed the Line of No Return." So, in the last sentence of his book, *American Journey* (Robert Hale, 15/-), Mr. BERNARD NEWMAN states his belief in our united future with the U.S.A., to which he sailed in a slow convoy in order to lecture and broadcast on the British people at war. As a result of all this we in our turn have been given a book about America which includes a short history of the country, two guides to manners (one for us and one for Americans stationed here), as well as an account of Mr. NEWMAN's journeys in the U.S.A. and in Canada. He gives us glimpses of American law courts where lack of formality is counterbalanced by a good weight of common sense, explains divorce in different States, domestic service problems and methods of investigating credit. We are shown the Grand Cañon, the pink uniforms of Hollywood knitters. We meet Red Indian chiefs who run motor-cars, and we meet a new and serious-minded Donald Duck who quacks propaganda and arranges to pay his income tax before it is due. The book is a hustle on a grand scale, but there is plenty of thought in it as well. One is rather reminded of the very early cinemas where one sat, as though in a train, while the scenes flashed by and a lecturer gave information. There is no space to mention the hospitality and hints and knowledge gained by the author on his journey from New York to Los Angeles or south from Washington to Montgomery; we can only thank him for the hints he has given to us.

B. E. B.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



## Sally Savings

IN the weather which we are forbidden to divulge, Sarah Jane (Savings) Higginbottom shuttles along Dolly-Peg Lane every Friday evening, wet or damp. She is a massive woman of over fifty, wearing glasses and usually a sou'-wester. On her feet gumboots peep from beneath a board-like khaki waterproof. Whether her goal is in sight or not we are unaware, but she aims to be the most successful street savings-stamp seller in Slagworth, if not south-east Lancashire.

Well, you know how it is on a Friday night—you have been down the coal-pit or in a cotton-mill all week, and now you are changed, washed and new-shaven for at least a few hours. You have the house to yourself and are feeling none the worse for having drawn that afternoon. Outside, in the blackness, your wife has decided to shop now that rain is dispelling the fog, and for a period she will return with neither a bit of fish, the Sunday joint, tripe, black puddings, nor the contemporary sausages whose interiors you could abide if they would only cease encasing them in elastic. You settle in the rocking-chair, open the evening paper, and have just placed your slippers in that space where the kettle should rest when there comes a prolonged hammering at the door. "Sally Savings!" you hiss to yourself.

The bucklings from that waterproof exude odours of moisture and fog. Into the warm room Sally brings a breath of the great outdoors. She sits down and, having produced her portfolio, asks if you can spring a few more stamps this week; if not for the sake of the Air Force boys, the coming offensive, or the lads in Navy blue, then as some slight compensation for that old-time occasion when she was in pig-tails and you, wearing the railway-guard's outfit you had found in your stocking, had taken the pea from the whistle and wedged it in her ear. When the business is concluded she settles down to talk. It is her weakness. She tells of the daftest thing she has yet experienced. Having been confident that the Powcat family must require a new book she had made an inquiry and elicited that the Powcats thought that the book she had given them was a pamphlet and had not even opened

it. Oh, yes, they knew that the stamps should be stuck in a book, but thought that they provided it themselves. So that now the Postmaster-General or someone will eventually receive a fully stamped copy of *Northward After Walri*.

By now you are both round the fire like Darby and Joan, and Sally, having passed you a cigarette and lit one herself, begins her review of the war. Runnels of water slip from the waterproof on to the hearth-plate, and she is steaming like a geyser. She is a little impatient of the delay in opening the Second Front, but is confident that when the time comes our lads will knock the enemy "as fine as baking-powder." She looks round the kitchen, observes that you too have had to use distemper for decorating, and suggests that the shortage of wallpaper is a mess. She went all over Manchester for some, but was only successful in procuring a series of tropical birds to enliven the distemper. At first when she stuck them on they curled up like brandy-snaps, but she quickly found that a little size did the trick. One gathered that the effect was attractive once you became inured to the feeling that you were living in the Everglades. She has just heard from her son in the Army up Scotland, and hopes that her nephew in Japanese hands got the last parcel she sent, and General Montgomery his Christmas card with the sentiment she wrote

inside. But she will return to our handling of the war, and avows that we are still too scrupulous. She thinks that we ought to emulate the Russians more. In effect, she declares, "Joe Stalin says to t' Germans, 'Look o'er yon!' and while they're looking he cracks 'em one at t' back o' t' yed."

At long last you inveigle her down the lobby, and for a period she stands with her hand on the knob of the door, twisting it and partly opening the door now and then, but always remembering something else to say. Her husband is doing a month on nights and states that the few poultry she has in the backyard keep him awake. Occasionally he comes to the top of the stairs and mentions that if one more crow is emitted he will descend and strangle that cock. She calls back and suggests that he might try accepting the noises philosophically by imagining that he was living in the heart of the country, whereupon Joe hollers what country—Bedlam? Still, he never carries out the threat, otherwise there would be no produce, and Joe, like many another miner, is fond of sucking an egg and is well aware that it would hardly be the same with this fine-running variety, no matter to what pitch it was re-hydrated. Finally she opens the door and a cloud of drizzle swings in and laves your features. The wetter it is, however, the more does Sally seem to expand. Having asked if you have tried Icelandic cod, she declares that it is not bad now that the authorities have published instructions for making it tender, but prior to that she had tried everything with a piece, from whanging on the draining-board to putting it through the mangle. She avers that now that utility socks have been introduced Joe cannot find his even when they are on his feet. Then, most unexpectedly, she gathers herself and says that she must hurry as she still has half the lane to visit, and she wants to finish as she has a nice little job to do afterwards. She is very mysterious about this nice little job, except to let you know that it is one that exactly suits her.

Back in the kitchen, wiping yourself on a towel, you wonder what it is. Since this place is inland, scarcely helping to get the lifeboat out!



Written by Sally

"I see we've a still more secret reply ready for Hitler's secret weapon."

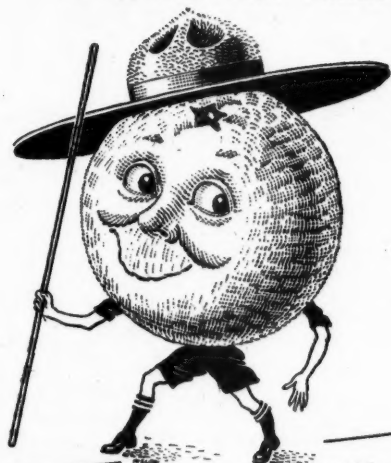
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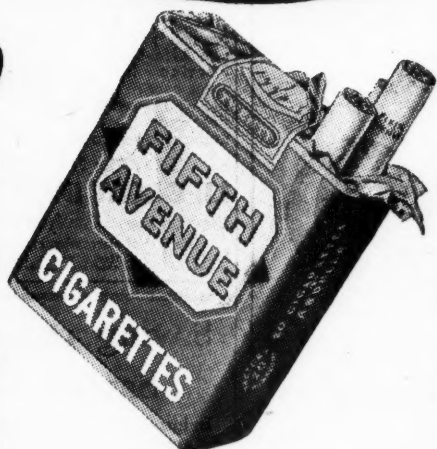
TO QUENCH THAT THIRST...



WHEN PEACE RETURNS... SO WILL

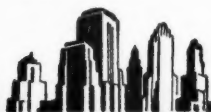
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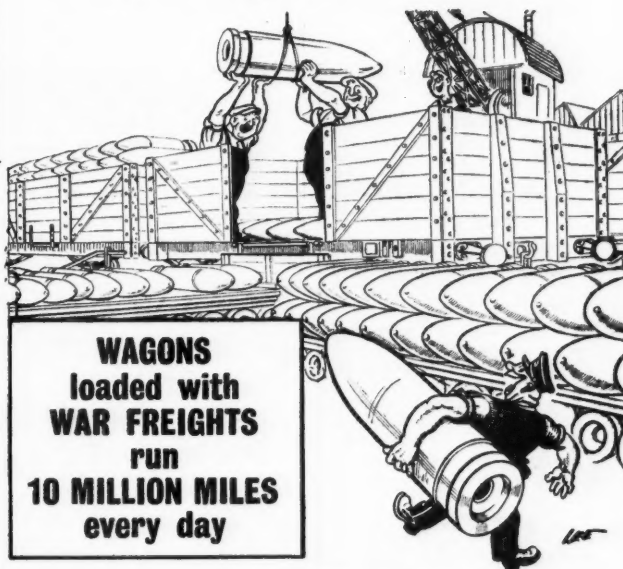
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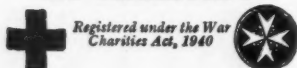
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*is "Half the Battle"***WAGONS**  
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**10 MILLION MILES**  
**every day****BRITISH**  
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Carry the War Load

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Stored away in "safety" there are countless Jewels, unworn, unseen. AND we have living men for whom necessities are urgently wanted . . . Prisoners of War, Sick and Wounded. A hidden treasure taken out of store and sent to the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 15 Old Bond Street, London, W.1, would help to meet that growing need through the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. Send for the next

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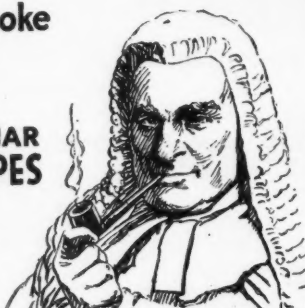
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40, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

### All shrewd Judges smoke

**Orlik** BRIAR PIPES

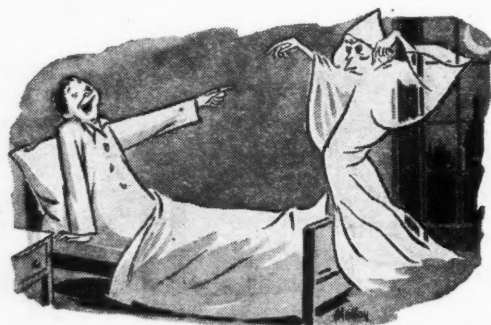
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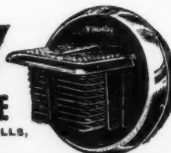
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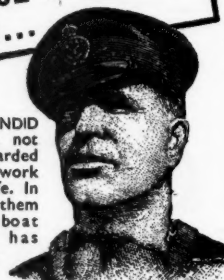
THE ESSE COOKER CO. Prop.: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd. Estd. 1854  
Head Office & Works: Bonnybridge, Scotland.  
London Showrooms: 63, Conduit St., W.1. Also at Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow.



(259)  
A Lancashire  
War Medallist

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TO DOG OWNERS  
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**THANKS FOR THE CHAPPIE, MASTER!**

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I'VE BEEN INVITED  
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**SAVE BONES FOR SALVAGE**  
BONES — even those your dog has done with are vital to the war effort. Salvage every scrap and put out for collection.



In air-tight jars 1/-

**"CHAPPIE"**

**DOG FOOD**

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I apply at once to my local Council Offices, Welfare Centre, or school for full details of immunisation.

I remember that immunisation is safe and simple, does not usually upset the child, and costs me nothing.

Because two (or three) treatments are necessary and it takes three months for full protection, I take steps immediately.

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*will  
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eyes!*

ROYAL  
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This unusual view reveals some of the long-concealed beauty of St. Paul's Cathedral; and in so doing, serves to remind us of one of the anomalies of war, which, wholly evil in itself, nevertheless uncovers so much that is good.

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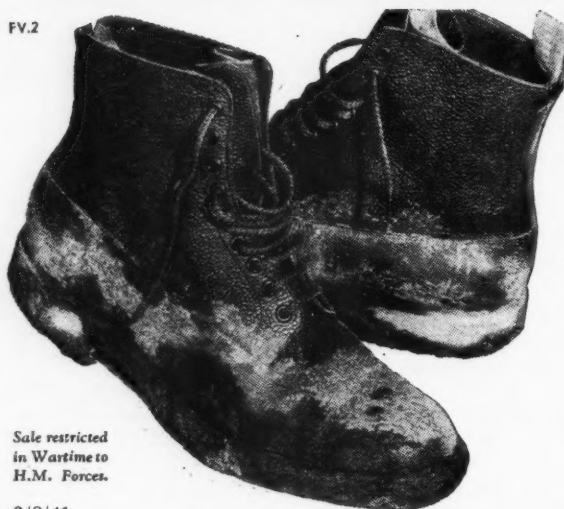
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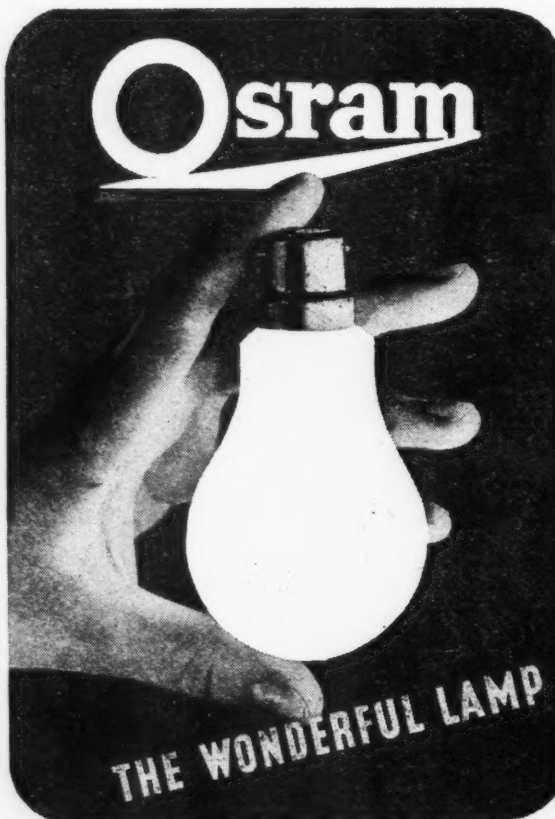


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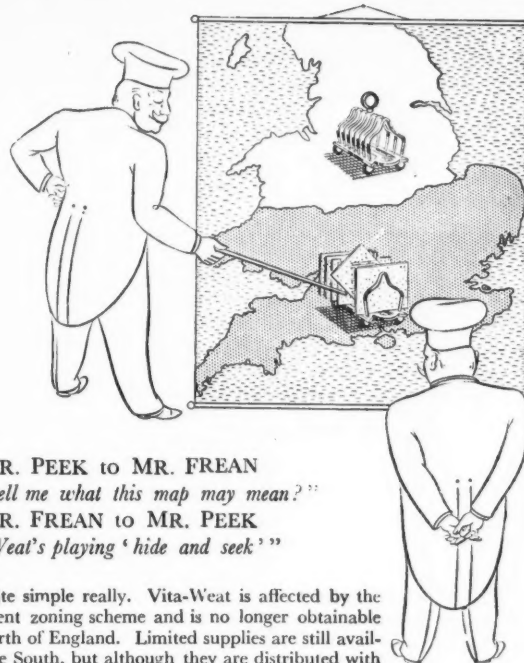


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"Pray tell me what this map may mean?"

Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK

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It's quite simple really. Vita-Weat is affected by the Government zoning scheme and is no longer obtainable in the North of England. Limited supplies are still available in the South, but although they are distributed with the utmost fairness, they often require a little 'seeking out'! Of course, Mr. Peck and Mr. Fearn will be all over the map again as soon as the war is won.

**Vita-Weat** REGD. PEEK FREAN'S CRISP BREAD

Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd., makers of famous biscuits

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MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE - WIRE ROPES AND HEMP CORDAGE  
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makes food  
more interesting

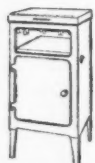
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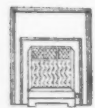


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and GAS  
for



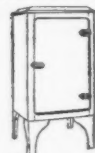
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